

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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It is a sorry sight to see a man begging for what he has thrown away.

They are charging \$5 and \$10 a seat for the Greek play at Cambridge.

President Garfield has his life insured for \$25,000. The bolters can now fire away.

Next time Mr. Conkling resigns he will probably measure his strength more correctly.

Vice President Arthur should make haste and go a fishing. Albany is a bad place for him at present.

They say money is easy in New York. That is because Tom Nichol has gone in the banking business.

Nothing has been heard of Tom Nichol for ten days. He must be lost among the "greatness" at Albany.

"Me-too" Platt is hardly satisfied in own mind whether he is running for the Senate or not. He is running but it is a small run.

Here is great encouragement for young men to marry: Colonel Tom Scott married on \$80 a month, and died worth \$20,000,000.

The star route investigation has made ex-Senator Dorsey sick. If no thieves are allowed to escape, he will go from his bed to the prison.

The Sprague suit for a divorce has been indefinitely postponed,—for the benefit of the public and the honor of all persons concerned.

Bob Ingersoll will defend Dorsey in his suit against him for swindling the government. Bob generally gets on the other side of such cases.

The country would smile very graciously if ex-Vice President Wheeler should be elected to fill one of the vacancies in the United States Senate.

There does not seem to be any hope that any good will come out of the International monetary conference, now being held in Paris. It will all end in smoke.

There are too many Conkling newspapers that have turned themselves into mud-machines. They should let out the business of throwing mud to the Democratic papers.

Jeff Davis is very poor, it is said, and unless he realizes handsomely on his new book, will find it difficult to live without borrowing money. He is now paying the price of his treason.

There recently assembled in Paris a body of men who are supposed to be the clergy of all denominations. They don't believe in religion, morals, or it seems anything else that is decent. They had the audacity to close the exercises with a ridiculous parody on the Lord's Prayer, which was recited by a little girl.

The cheekiest seven men in the Northwest are those in Milwaukee who telegraphed Mr. Conkling that "the Republicans of Wisconsin" will stand by him. There is not one Republican in five in the State who stands by Conkling in his political somersault—resigning for good because he got sick of politics, and turning on his heels and becoming a candidate for re-election. That's the worst specimen of child's play ever exhibited in this country.

Gilbert Francis Verizen, a Frenchman by birth, was found dead in a cave near New Albany, Indiana, a few days ago. He was born in Versailles, of rich and noble parents, and at twenty-one left France on account of being disappointed in love. He took up his residence in a deep canon of the Knobs, near New Albany, and lived there for thirty years. In the cave he lived in abject poverty. His only furniture was a chair, a box for a table, a few rude cooking utensils, and two quilts. He could have lived in a princely fashion had he returned to France, but he would not.

One of the most daring operations in the annals of surgery, was recently performed in Vienna, Austria, by Professor Theodore Billroth, an eminent American surgeon. It was the removal of a cancerous formation in the stomach of a woman; and is the first case on record where the removal of a part of the human stomach, with a tumor and its roots attached, has been successful. The operation lasted one hour and a half. Such a piece of surgery has never been attempted in Europe but a few times, and always proved fatal, until Professor Billroth succeeded in this case. It has never yet been attempted in United States.

The charge has been frequently made that Judge Robertson was a bolter in 1872, and that he supported Greeley instead of Grant, and that since that time has been a wavering Republican. The fact is, Judge Robertson did not bolt the Republican ticket in 1872, nor at any time since then. He was a candidate for the Senate in that famous campaign, on the Republican ticket and was elected and beside that he worked for the entire Republican ticket with a zeal equal to any man of his ability in New York. Whatever differences of opinion there may be in regard to his appointment to the collectorship of the port of New York, he should not be lied about.

There is a mixed up mess in the New York Legislature, and while it is rough on the party, one can stand afar off and

view the situation with some amusement. Senator Woodin, who recently made a very violent anti-Conkling speech, in which he grew hotly eloquent for reform, purity, and so on, is the same Woodin who was identified with the Tweed ring years ago, and was forced to resign to save himself. After many years of private life—no doubt spent in serious reflection—he comes to the surface again, and is very unhappy at the thought of obeying the caucus decree. Mr. Conkling is positively benefitted by the opposition of such men. If the administration men really desire to defeat Mr. Conkling they should muzzle such patriots. In the characteristic language of old Bill Allen, of Ohio, Woodin is "too d—d unamiable."

THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK.

One of the bad features of the present struggle between the Conkling and administration factions of the Republican party, is the mud-throwing. The masses of the Republican party are being called half-breeds and featherheads, because they won't support Mr. Conkling, and the leaders of the anti-Conkling movement in New York are called the henchmen of monopolies and the masters of rings and cliques. To read the Conkling papers, there is not a good man among all those who refuse to support Mr. Conkling; and one would be led to suppose that all the great monopolies of the State have all the anti-Conkling men by the ear. The Republicans who are opposing Mr. Conkling are as true to the interests of the people as the Republicans who favor him. When the Conkling faction cry that the opposition to him is the opposition of rings and monopolies, they raise a false cry for the purpose of misleading the public and creating a wrong sentiment.

It ill-becomes the friends of Mr. Conkling to throw political mud at the Republicans who can not give him their support. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones; and it is a foolish piece of business for the pot to call the kettle black. There is nothing like sticking to the truth in discussing the differences between parties and factions; and it has been said, that if Mr. Conkling had served his State with half the well-paid zeal with which he has served the great monopolies he would not now be left to the equivocal admiration and support of such reformers as Ben Butler and Colonel Forney.

Those who suppose for a moment that Mr. Conkling has been entirely free from representing the interests of monopolies while he has been in the Senate, should know the truth. While he has been in Congress, he appeared as the attorney of the New York Central railway against the government in a case involving the amount of tax to be paid by that powerful corporation. He should have taken the side of the government because it was his duty to do so; but he took a fee from the other side and tried to beat the government out of money justly due it from the Central company. For a long time while the late President William Orton was living, Mr. Conkling was one of the most trusted counsellors of the Western Union telegraph company, whose web of wires covers the entire continent, and his services to that gigantic corporation and overshadowing monopoly, while he was in the Senate, were of almost incalculable value to the company.

Only three years ago, when the question came up in the Senate of compelling the Central Pacific railway to pay the interest due on its bonds to the government, and there was a hard struggle between the government and the people on the one hand, and the railway company on the other, Mr. Conkling would not take sides. The government needed his voice and influence, but got neither. Then, again, when the Pacific Mail Steamship company was asking so much of Congress and receiving so many large subsidies, Mr. Conkling thought there was no harm in drawing his pay as United States Senator and at the same time engage in the service of the company. He thought there was no inconsistency about it and drew pay from both sides.

Those who have watched the movements of Mr. Conkling pretty closely during his fourteen years in the Senate, will probably not be able to call to mind a single instance in which he led in any movement in behalf of the popular rights or interests against corporations. He has taken this course openly, to be sure, and never tried to cover up any of his relations to the great corporations which have employed him while he has been in Congress. He has defended his course by the plea that the law is his profession, and he must earn his living by it.

Inasmuch as the Conkling men are boasting that they are anti-monopoly, and that no monopoly ever so much as even touched the hem of the garment of their chief, we give these facts.

IT IS A HOAX.

NEW YORK, June 1.—A rather sensational story went out to-day by the associated press to the effect that Pierre Lorillard, owner of Iroquois, the Derby winner, had won \$2,000,000 on the result of the race. Mr. Lorillard's son denies the truth of this report, and says his father had only \$2500 in wagers, and that he telegraphed to-day directing that \$1000 of it be turned over to Archer, the rider of the winning horse.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The Contest at Albany Continues without Material Change.

Conkling Sends a Complimentary Dispatch to Senator Mahone.

Gratifying Reduction of the National Debt for the Month of May.

It is Estimated the Debt Will Be Reduced \$100,000,000 During the Fiscal Year.

Removal of Two Government Officers Implicated in the Star-Route Frauds.

A Peculiarly Horrible Suicide of a Machinist at St. Paul.

Probable End of the Sprague Divorce Suit and Scandal.

A Heavy Wind and Rain Storm in the East.

Meeting of the Pioneer Association of Wisconsin.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

SENATORIAL FIGHTING.

Special to the Gazette. ALBANY, June 2.—The Senate and Assembly met in joint convention at noon. The vote, for the successor of Conkling, stood:

Conkling	34
Cornell	2
Wheeler	19
Trenham	3
Rogers	14
Crowley	1
Fenton	2
Jacobs	52

There were several scattering. The vote for the successor of Platt stood:

Platt	24
Dodge	2
Cornell	11

The balance were scattering.

HEAVY STORM.

Special to the Gazette. READING, Penn., June 2.—A heavy storm passed over here last night doing immense damage to crops, railroads, and telegraphs. The damage is estimated at \$75,000.

THE DEBT.

A Reduction of \$11,550,721 for May—\$100,000,000 for the Year.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—The public debt statement for May issued to-day, shows a reduction of \$11,550,721. This is something more than the recent estimates, and it may be enough to warrant the prediction that the total reduction of the debt for the fiscal year, which ends June 30, will be \$100,000,000. This estimate would certainly have been realized, but for the large demands upon the treasury for pensions and other purposes. The total reduction of the debt to date during this fiscal year is \$89,250,323. It will be necessary to make a reduction of only \$10,749,677 in the coming month to reach the reduction of \$100,000,000 for the year. The receipts during May were more than \$1,000,000 daily, and there is no reason to think that they will be less during June. But the large appropriation in the regular supply bills will not be available until after July 1, when the new fiscal year begins. In the month of June, however, large disbursements will be necessary on account of the quarterly payments for pensions and the July interest on the public debt. The receipts will be sufficient to reach the \$100,000,000 if the customs receipts maintain their present average.

TWO OFFICERS REMOVED.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—The only movement for some days in the star-route inquiry is the request which the President made to-day for the resignation of Mr. McGrew, the sixth auditor of the treasury, and Mr. Lilley, deputy sixth auditor. The sixth auditor's office is one which adjusts the accounts of the post-office department, and its offices are in the postoffice building itself. Mr. McGrew's friends very earnestly claim that he cannot be charged with any dereliction of duty, and they are disposed to hold the deputy responsible for passing the extraordinary accounts of the star-route contractors. Mr. McGrew, however, claimed that it was no concern of his to monitor whether or not money under such contracts ought to be paid, or whether the contracts themselves should have been made, and that this only function was to see that, on their face, the warrants were in due form and correct.

THE SPRAGUES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 1.—The affairs of ex-Governor William Sprague are in a fair way of settlement, both his business estate and his domestic difficulties. The divorce suit, which was to have been tried this week, has been postponed indefinitely, owing, it is said, to the illness of Judge Potter. But as Judge Potter has been on the bench nearly every day, it is probable that the real cause of the postponement was the disinclination of both parties to the suit to have a public trial. At any rate, it is not likely that the divorce suit will ever be tried and ex-Governor William Sprague informs your correspondent that he has now no desire to press his suit since

Conkling is practically disgraced and removed from public life, and he could not be further injured by any revelation that might be made in a divorce trial.

CONKLING TO MAHONE.

ALBANY, June 1.—The following dispatch was sent last night.

ALBANY, June 1.—Gen. Mahone, Richmond, Va.: Your every effort for the true advancement of the South, and to make elections real and fair, has my whole heart, and deserves the cooperation of Republicans everywhere.

BOSCOE CONKLING.

PECULIARLY HORRIBLE.

How a Machinist Killed Himself Near St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, June 1.—Charles A. Kirmse, a machinist who came here from Effingham, Ill., a few months ago, killed himself near this city this afternoon in a peculiarly horrible manner. He borrowed a gun from a friend and went to a grove near the Minneapolis & St. Louis shops. Here he remained some time, engaged in writing walking with the gun and rope. About 5:30 o'clock two little girls saw him discharge the gun and fall back dead. One or two men ran to the spot and found him with his headless trunk lying under the tree and the brain, nose, and skull scattered in all directions for a distance of twenty paces. The head had been torn literally into fragments by the discharge of the gun, and a portion of the upper lip being found near a little lake at the foot of the hillside which the suicide had chosen as the scene of his sickening deed. Kirmse had fastened the rope around the trigger of the gun in such a manner that he could discharge the piece by pressing downward upon the rope with his foot, and then placing the muzzle against his chin, apparently worked his deadly device and fell back a corpse, with the blood spurting in jets from the mangled neck.

WISCONSIN PIONEERS.

MADISON, June 1.—The annual meeting of the State Pioneer Association was held in the Senate chamber to-day. The meeting was held under discouraging circumstances, but was on the whole very interesting. President Rountree was unable to attend, owing to the dangerous illness of his wife at Plattville. General Dodge, of Burlington, Iowa, son of the first governor of Wisconsin territory, was to have delivered the principal address, but was prostrated at noon to-day by an attack of congestive chills. The Dane county pioneers are to have a reunion in a few days, which materially affected local interest in the meeting of the State association. The first meeting of the association to-day was called at 10:30. James O'Neill, of Neillsville, Clark county, was elected President, and H. A. Tenney took the seat of Secretary. A communication was received from the compilers of the Wisconsin memorial record in relation to the distribution of pioneer annals by the Legislature. In the afternoon the attendance was increased to about eighty by arrivals on noon trains. Governor Smith made the welcoming address, and the response was made by Chief Justice Cole. Speeches were made by Theodore Rodol, of La Crosse; James O'Neill, of Neillsville; Peter Parkinson, Jr., of Lafayette; James Campbell, of Darlington, and others. Many interesting reminiscences were related. Judge Cole described how he was "fired out" of the State in 1845, when he first settled in this State. He was dressed in a broad cloth suit, which in early days was one of the marks by which gamblers were distinguished. The landlady noticed Cole's broadcloth, and cried out, "Get out of here, you can't stay in my house." One speaker referred to pioneers' wives, and extolled their bravery and fidelity, declaring that they were more thought of in camp and on the frontier than women nowadays in silks and satins. After the addresses came the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, J. H. Rountree, Plattville; Vice President, Simon Mills, Madison, and Wm. Hangel, Sun Prairie; Secretary, H. A. Tenney; Treasurer, David Atwood, Madison. After adopting resolutions of sympathy for General Dodge and President Rountree, the association adjourned without day.

NOTES FROM MADISON.

MADISON, June 1.—Judge Stewart to-day confirmed the report of the referee in the case of the State vs. Simon Mills, and rendered judgment for the full amount claimed by the State authorities, \$127,204 and costs. The action is one brought by the State to recover from Mills an amount of money which Mills, as treasurer of the insane hospital, had on deposit in the Bank of Madison when it collapsed. Mills tried every practice to avoid the payment of the loss even putting in counter-claim for salary as treasurer, a purely honorary office. Great preparations are being made for the coming sagerfest to be held in July. The following societies have reported as intending to take part: Fidelity, Chicago, 60 singers; Saengerbund, Milwaukee, 35 singers; Maennerchor, Kankakee, Ill., 24 singers.

FRANK W. WINCHESTER.

WHITEWATER, June 1.—Frank W. Winchester died of typhoid-pneumonia last night. He was the eldest son and well-known wagon manufacturer, L. A. Winchester, Esq., and was a young man of the finest promise. He was married last October to Miss Mary Denison. His death casts a gloom over the entire community.

ANOTHER SUICIDE.

WHITEWATER, June 1.—Ira Kimey, an old pioneer resident, committed suicide this morning on his farm near town, by drowning. He had previously stabbed himself with a jack-knife, but not fatally. For some years he had been regarded as of unsound mind.

MISCELLANEOUS.



HORSFORD'S BAKING POWDER.

Made from Professor Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Recommended by leading physicians. Makes lighter bread, cakes, etc., and is healthier than ordinary Baking Powder. In cans. Sold at a reasonable price. The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free. Runford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I. and 83 Lake St., Chicago, Ill. ap22/med-39wly

NEW, NEW, ALL NEW. Green & Rice.

Take pleasure in announcing to the people of Rock and adjoining county, that they have opened a First Class

Crockery Furnishing Goods.

House, and have in stock

TEA and DINNER SETS.

Majolica China, Cutlery,

Silverware!

Bird Cages, Baskets, Lamps, Ac.

All Bought for CASH!

And will be sold at satisfactory prices. Give a call. Mitchell's Block, West Milwaukee, Street, Janesville, Wisconsin. juldecowawewoly

FURNITURE!

Are now receiving their

SPRING STOCK of COODS.

By all odds the most desirable styles ever bro't here, and prices are very reasonable. A magnificient lot of

Fancy Stands Camp Chairs.

RATTAN ROCKERS, LAWN CHAIRS, and Settees; Parlor and Chamber Furniture; Kitchen and Dining Room Sets, Mattresses, Pillows, Spring Beds, Step Ladders, Oil-Cloth Bars, Carpet Sweepers, Ac.

REFRIGERATORS!

The best in the market, and warranted perfect.

Children's Carriages!

Velocepedes, Express Wagons, Parlor Swings, Rocking Horses, Toy Carts, Ac.

CALL AND SEE

Our immense Stock.

UNDERTAKERS!

Fifteen years experience. Satisfaction in this line guaranteed.

DISSOLUTION.

The copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Dodge & Buchholz is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be settled up by the old firm, either being authorized to receipt in settling business of said firm. All persons indebted to us are requested to call and settle within thirty days from date, after that date all unsettled matters will be left for collection. All parties having claims against us will present the same for payment at once.

ROBERT HODGE, HERMAN BUCHHOLZ. Dated Janesville, May 23d, 1881.

For Sale!

I hereby offer for sale lots 4, 5 and 8 Dole's addition, being the premises where I reside, with or without the vacant lot. Also lots 1 and 2, block 22 Palmer & Netherland's addition. Prices low; terms easy. Communicate with me by letter or otherwise.

HELP

Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us in the home or office. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. So one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STITSON & CO., Portland Maine. dec16p1m

BLANK DEEDS and MORTGAGES

FOR SALE AT THE Gazette Counting Room.

HEIM STREET!

DEALER IN

ARTISTS' MATERIALS!

Open Wednesday.

Speaking of Carpets!

SMITH & BOSTWICK

HAVE NOW ON

EXHIBITION

The Largest and Most Extensive Stock of

CARPETS!

Ever before shown by any one-house in the interior of the State. Also a large stock of

Oil Cloths, Linoleum Cloths, Rugs,

Matts, Plain and Fancy Matting,

All widths, Crumb Cloths, and everything else connected with a FIRST CLASS CARPET HOUSE.

Received this Day--A Large Stock of BODY BRUSSELS,

With Borders to Match. We have the finest stock of these goods ever shown in this market. All the above goods will be sold at the very lowest Net Cash Prices.

SMITH & BOSTWICK.

APRIL 16th, 1881.

HEIMSTREET'S

DRUG STORE!

OPEN WEDNESDAY!

We say a word to the public about the Mammoth Stock of 1 to 100,000 different kinds of Dry Goods, Carpets and Millinery now opened for the Spring trade of 1881. In our Dress Goods Department we can show you nothing but the latest and best styles; 200 pieces Black Cashmere, bought at one of the largest auction sales of the season in New York from 50c to \$1.15 per yard; Splendid Deapd' etc at \$1.50, as good as any \$2.00 in the city.

Buntings at all prices; an immense line of these goods. We also call special attention to our Hosiery, which has no equal anywhere. Lace Kid Gloves in all the shades, in Harris and Foster make. We are the only agents for Harris Gloves, Lacons, full assortment, and finest goods at bottom prices. We have the best 50c and \$1.00 Bleached Table Linen we ever opened before. Napkins, in all kinds, bought direct from the importers. Ladies' Muslin underwear, as fine as can be shown.

Fringes, Cords and Tassels in all colors to match. Bunting and all light colored Dress Goods. We wish to say, in conclusion, that to spend your money with satisfaction, buy nothing but New Goods. Shelf worn goods are dear at any price.

MOKEY & BRO.

Sign of the Golden Sheep, New Store, West Milwaukee Street, Janesville, Wis.

N. B.—Our stock of Carpets is now complete.

THE GAZETTE.

THURSDAY JUNE 2, 1881.

THE BLACKBIRDS' NEST.

"Put it back, Jim. Do put it back."
"Why?" Jim whispered, with a startled glance along the wood path.
"Is the master in sight, Ned?"
"We are in sight of the Master, Jim."

Jim drew a long breath of relief, and put his finger into the open mouth of one of the unguarded blackbirds. "You frightened me for a moment," he said, "but I see you were only talking Sunday-school stuff. Of course, as Squire's forbids us to touch the nests here, we must mind he doesn't see, that's all."

"Put it back, Jim, lad," pleaded the elder boy, without resenting his companion's sneer.

"It's as much a home to you as to me," said Jim, "and those four little blackbirds can no more live and grow if you destroy it, than your baby sisters could live and grow if they had no home and no mother."

"I ain't harming the mother," muttered Jim.

"Suppose your mother came home one night, after her work, feeling happy, and thinking of the nest she would find in her own snug little house, where you would all be looking out for her, and just when she came close up to your cottage—just at the old lilac-tree by the gate, you know—she looked up and saw there were no little ones to meet her, no bright little room to rest in, no sign, even, of where the dear old home had been: if you could see her then, Jim, would you say that anybody who'd taken it all away hadn't harmed her?"

"I don't know nothin' 'bout that," stammered Jim, moodily.

"It ain't got to do with a nest. The old bird can make another."

"I suppose your mother could find another cottage, but would it be the same without you and the babies?"

"It's very different," grumbled Jim, but a little less defiantly now.

"Father says the mother birds often die of grief when they find their nests gone. You'll put it back, Jim?"

"Not very likely, when I've had all this fuss to get it."

"Just put it back for ten minutes," pleaded Ned.

"And take it again after?"

"Yes, and take it again after—if you like."

"What good would that do?" inquired Jim, with a laugh.

"Just put it back for ten minutes, while I tell you a story."

"You'll promise not to talk Sunday-school stuff when I take 'em back again, or tell the master, or serve me any sneaky trick like that?"

"I promise. Stay, I'll help you put the nest back in exactly the old place."

"I'll do it myself," returned Jim, ungraciously.

"I'll fetch it again when your tale's over. There, I've put it."

"Look, Jim! look!" cried Ned, joyfully.

"That blackbird flying straight to the tree is sure to be the mother. Aren't you glad the nest's there now?"

"Ten minutes ain't very long," observed Jim, as he threw himself at full length on the turf, looking longingly up at the branch on which the nest was built, while the white blossoms of the Hawthorn fell upon his upturned face.

"I'm safe to have 'em in ten minutes to do what I like with. Now, then, for the tale. Is there a giant in it?"

"Not this time," said Ned, gently.

"It's only about myself and the children and mother."

"The Giant-Killer, and Robinson Crusoe, will it? But the story isn't long, Jim. I was a very little chap, and the twins were dots of things, and baby only a month or so old. Father worked for the master here, and loved him as all the men do now; but I didn't love him, because he wouldn't have us boys take the eggs or nests. But one day, when I was going through this very woods, and nobody was by to see me, I took a thrush's nest with five tiny throats in it. I hid it in the basket I was bringing to mother, and went off so cheerfully, remembering we had an old wicker cage at home, and thinking how I'd put the birds in it, and watch how they'd manage to fledge; and how I'd burn the nest—it was dry and crisp, and would burn beautifully—that I might be found out. Mother was sitting by the fire nursing baby (poor mother was sick that time, and baby hadn't ever been well), and I went behind her to the cage, and put my birds in without her seeing, for I knew well enough how she'd tell me I was wrong to disobey the master, and cruel to the little creatures I'd stolen. I didn't care to be told that, for I wasn't sorry, and I didn't want to give mother the chance of spoiling my fun by any of her quiet speeches about the other Master—up there beyond the blue—who cares for every little bird in every tree. I had plenty of opportunities for slipping away to the dim corner where the cage was, for I was late staying up waiting for father; but at last mother sent me to bed. I slept in a little bed in a corner of the kitchen, so it wasn't the same as going up-stairs, and I watched the hand of the clock go round, for I couldn't sleep for thinking how queer my orphan birds looked, and how jealous some of the lads at school would be. I saw mother get to look whiter and whiter, and tired and tired; but father didn't come home. Then baby began to moan, and mother got up and walked about with her, and I watched her. It seemed like the middle of the night when I awoke, and I jumped up, for I seemed to know in a second that everything wasn't like other nights. The cottage door was wide open, and there was mother standing there, looking out into the darkness, and listening. When I went up to her, she just put her arm round my neck, but she didn't look at me; she only looked into the darkness.

"Come in, mother," I cried; "you oughtn't to stand here while you are ill."

"But she only stood there trembling, till baby began to cry and move restless in her cradle; then mother came in, and took her up, and held her close to her neck, sobbing as I'd never heard mother sob before in all my life—never. I held to her, and begged her to stop, but I was crying myself too all the time. And still father didn't come. I was a silly lad, Jim, and a wicked one, but I wasn't a coward; and so I begged mother to let me go up to the Hall to ask about father. For a long time she wouldn't, but at last I got her just to whisper 'yes' in her crying, and I was only too eager to set off. She came to the door with me, still shivering, and holding baby wrapped in a shawl; and while she kissed me she whispered something I couldn't hear, but I caught the word 'father' in her voice. I was speaking up to Heaven, for I wasn't long reaching the Hall, for I knew every inch of the road, and could run safely enough even in the darkness. I went up through the yard, and when

one of the grooms was sitting up to take the master's horse, and I went in at once. It was Tom Harris, and of course I was sorry, because he hated father, and didn't like me; but whoever it had been, I should have gone in then to ask for father. Tom scolded me first for startling him, then he laughed at my questions, and then he got cool again, and stared at me.

"You won't find your father here," he said; "you won't never find him here again. He's turned off. The master won't have nothing more to do with him. You'd best go and ask for him at the public, for he went that way when the master sent him off. The public's a good place for him to forget his troubles in."

"I stared at the man, trying to understand what he said, and trying to believe him. 'Father never goes to the public,'" I stammered. "What do you mean?"

"He's never been turned off work before to-night," laughed Tom. "That's what sends a man to the public. If he ain't there, something's happened to him. Go you and see after him. Don't stare, he went on, crossing his arms, and leaning back in his chair by the fire."

"Can't you hear what I say? Your father's been turned off here, and tomorrow you're all to be off out of your cottage."

"I caught hold of the table, for the room was spinning round and round; and then I remember Tom laughed, and said it again, as if I questioned him."

"Yes, I mean just what I say. Your father's been late every morning this week, and the master won't stand it—not likely. So you're all to turn out of your cottage to-morrow for the new shepherd. Go home and make as much as you can of the place to-night, as it'll be gone to-morrow."

"At first I was afraid to stir, for I thought if I did I should fall, but as soon as I could I crept away from the man's sight. Out in the darkness again, all my strength came back, and I ran home faster even than I had run to the Hall, crying mother's name all the way, without knowing what it meant."

"The cottage door was open when I reached it. I think she'd put it open to guide us—father and me; and I looked in, actually afraid for the first time in my life of meeting mother. She was sitting by the fire, her face white, and the tears falling all the time. While I stood wondering how to tell her about father, my sobs burst out and frightened her. But I was by her side then, and fell on my knees, and laid my head in her lap. It was just then, Jim, that I remembered my little unguarded birds and their ruined home, and the mother who had lost them, and I folded my hands and looked up into mother's face almost as if she had been God. 'I'll never do it again—never!' I didn't know it was so terrible. I'll put them back."

"Afterward, while I told her all that Tom had said, I tried not to see her face, and tried still more, Jim, not to see that old cage in the corner of the kitchen, where my little prisoners were. When I'd done, mother got up from her seat, and put on her shawl and bonnet."

"No, no, mother," I cried, quite quietly, though, for fear of waking baby; "you mustn't go out; you'll be ill again, and it's quite dark. Oh, let me go!"

"She stooped and kissed me. 'It's no place for you, my child. Take care of baby.' She couldn't say another word, and I could only watch her go, as she had watched me, thinking what I'd have given to be able to go and take care of her."

"I sat close to baby's cradle, and stared into the fire as if that wide stare could keep the tears away; but all the while didn't see the fire at all, but other things—oh, Jim, so plainly!"

"The white light crept through the kitchen window, then the sun rose, and still father and mother didn't come. The sun was shining now, and this was the very day we were to go, so I woke the twins and dressed them, and wrapped baby ready, and put the room in order, all without a word, for I was too miserable to cry. At last father and mother came in very slowly and silently, and father put his hand on my head, and mother took baby, and then I knew we were bidding good-by to the little home where we had been so happy, and I didn't want to cry, though my heart was breaking, so I crept away to the woods for a few minutes. I felt that everything would seem better there, where I should see the sunshine on the leaves and grass, and flowers, and hear the birds' songs among the boughs, making the leaves seem full of music, as I had so often heard them; and even higher still, among the soft white clouds, where I'd often thought that even the angels must like to hear them, stooping to listen when their own songs were silent for a bit. But, Jim, when I came into the wood, there was no note of any bright glad songs."

"The whole wood was heavy with a dismal silence; and then I knew that it was my fault that the birds were unhappy, and would never sing again."

"What would I do? Was it all too late? Sobbing bitterly, I ran home to fetch the little orphan birds, and give the mother back her children and her home. Ah, Jim, what a change I found in our own dear home! The little kitchen that had always seemed so snug and bright and cheerful was empty and bare. Nowhere in the cottage was there a step or voice to be heard; only I was left there, and with me, in that nest in the old cage, five little dead birds."

"The dream had been so real, Jim, that my cry terrified a gentleman who was riding past in the darkness, and heard it. He dismounted, and came into the cottage that night, and how mother had been to fetch him, though she was ill. Then he put out his kind hand, and lifted me up."

"I am glad I heard you as I passed," he said. "Harris has been deceiving you, Ned. You might have guessed that, because he is so fond of frightening you, and has a grudge against your father. But this amounts to wickedness, and he shall be punished. I guess now, is my lad, your father in the shed? The far mouse-hole with the sick cow. I dare say he couldn't send a message from there, and has all the while expected he would be able to come home in a few more minutes. You may be sure he is as anxious to see you as I am."

"I went up through the yard, and when

never neglects a sick animal. Dry your eyes, my lad, for the cottage is your home still, and it doesn't look at all 'ruined.' I think. Now build up the fire, and wait for your mother. I'll see about your father."

"Oh, Jim, can you fancy what it was like then? I put my head into the cradle, and smothered baby with kisses; I made the fire up, and put on the kettle. Then I ran a little way down the dark road, calling out to mother. 'Make haste, mother! make haste!' At last she came, Jim—not white and crying and alone, as she had gone, not silent and sorrowful with father, like in my dream, but talking happily with him. And then how I longed that I could have given back my dead birds to their mother—given them back their home, as ours had been given to us! I don't know what I did for a bit, but when I'd got father and mother to have some tea, I laid my head down upon the cold nest, and while I held so tenderly the little dead birds—killed by these hands of mine, while the master who was kind to the birds had been so kind to me—I asked God to forgive me, and I made a promise to Him that he has kept, calling out to mother. 'Make haste, mother! make haste!' 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